MUGEN

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MUGEN

By
FANNY RUNNELLS POOLE

MUGEN A Book of Verse
$1.00

THREE SONGS OF LOVE
Set to Music 40 Cents.

A BANK OF VIOLETS
Verses $1.00.

Niles Publishing Company
Bridgeport, Connecticut

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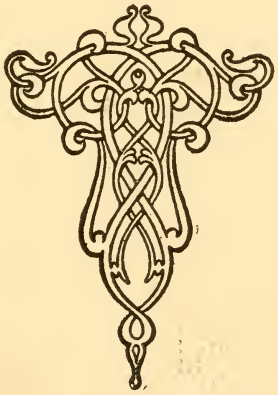
A BOOK OF VERSE

BY

FANNY RUNNELLS POOLE



BRIDGEPORT, CONNECTICUT:
NILES PUBLISHING COMPANY

CLINTON, NEW YORK:
GEORGE WILLIAM BROWNING
1907

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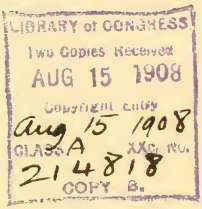


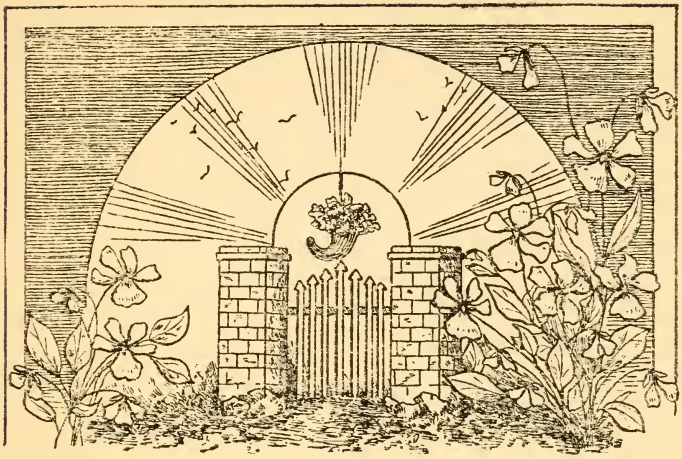
Printed October, 1907
GEORGE WILLIAM BROWNING
Clinton, New York

MUGEN

To
F. M. R.

Thou my Belov'd, whose ear
Was tuned to all sweet harmonies of thought,
O nevermore on earth shall I find aught
So beautiful as thy courageous heart!
And though we rove no more in field and brake,
The circling years bring nearer those they part —
This were my tend'rest hope, belief most dear,
Save one, oh, jubilant, that I may wake
Some melody which thy pure soul may hear!

May, 1907

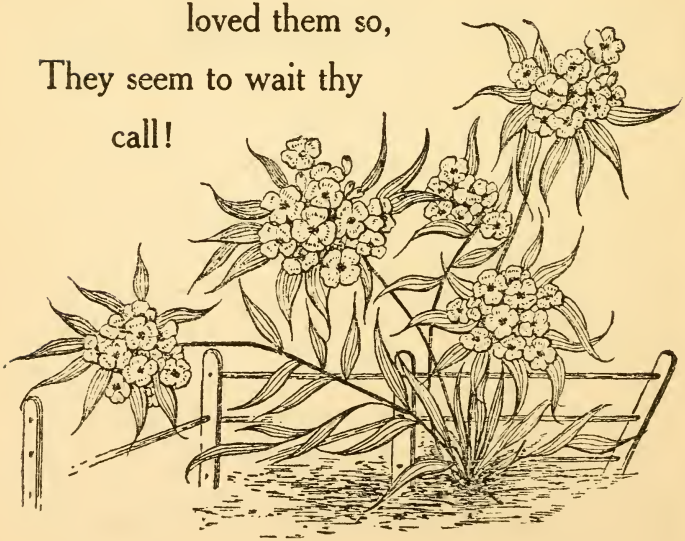


KAKEMONO

To F. M. R.

"A branch of the season's blossom"
Adorns my garden door,
But thou, for whom this festive bloom,
Returnest never more.
Still the horn shall brim with nectar
Where April violets bide,
Where 'Mayflowers' sought by loving thought
May cheer the garden-side;

Where the dewy June azalea
Will greet her sister rose,
The perfect round of the laurel bound
From July's flushed repose;
Where gipsy columbine will leave
Her tuft on the gray ledge-wall.
Oh, the flowers know who
loved them so,
They seem to wait thy
call!



O the heart,
the heart hath
seasons,
The heart, memorial flowers,
And memory wells like
vesper bells
To thrill the dreaming hours!
The fancies we have cherished,
The affections' myriad springs,
Reach out betimes in rippling rhymes
To hearts who love such things.

Renewed beside these fountains,
What flowers of Hope there be!
While faces rise with those glad eyes,
O Mother dear, of thee!
Genius of all my garden,
As in the old sweet days,
These songs are thine to share
each line
With lesser gods and fays!

April 25, 1906.

QUEEN LOUISE OF PRUSSIA

March 10, 1776—July 19, 1810

HER life with beauty, faith and love replete,
Through tenderness and trust her royal way;
And yet not wholly free of sorrow's sway,
Which made her to the suffering charitably sweet.
To glad the eye, to ease the weary feet,
To be her generous world's protecting ray,
Nobly her spirit's call did she obey.
What need of crown such queenship to complete!

And when from peace idyllic of her life,
Beside her Lover-King she held her place,
How brave her part when fell the nation's strife!
How richly with her Loved she wore the queen!
Sharing with him her own imperishable grace,
Think you that even death could intervene?

TO LIVE IS TO HOPE

TO live is to hope, not with purposeless strife,
But with fervour and wisdom to gain;
Whole-hearted to seek for the beauty of life,
Its truth and its light to attain.

The bleat of a lamb on the hillside brown
Thrills us with hope that spring is near;
The call of a bird from a wind-swept down
Wakens a sweet, collected cheer;

Each laugh of a child means a vanquished gloom;
In violets laughs the quickened sod;
Oh, a smile of love is the apple bloom,—
All, all are a message from God!

Oh, to hope — 'tis the dawn of all glad things!
'Tis only with Hope we begin to live,
While the yearning within our being sings
To deserve the noblest that life can give!

To aspire as a bird on fearless wing
To infinite gardens beyond our own,
Where service a pæan of joy may bring
To souls that a narrowing toil have known.

To live is to hope, not with purposeless strife,
But with fervour and wisdom to gain;
Whole-hearted to seek for the beauty of life,
Its truth and its light to attain.

MIDAREZAKI

THE Spring is in the air,
So lightly poised above the sleeping valleys!
Her garments' gleam the young green faintly shadows,
But fresh the meadows,
And loosed the stream where in and out she sallies.

The Spring is in the air,
Her magical sweet presence — how it thrills us!
From yonder wood the robin's welcome gushes,
And the brook rushes,
And oh, the same wild freedom — how it fills us!

The Spring is in the air!
Waken the rosy willows, warm and tender,
Beckon the bursting maples from the hollow,
And glad we follow
Where prescient orchards wait, a-dream of splendour.

The Spring is in the air!
This life that in our being starts and dances —
This heart so one with Nature's in its beating,
Her joy repeating,
Makes of the fleeting days its fair romances

THE ASCENT OF MOUNT LAFAYETTE

(Chief of the Franconias)

To M. T. R.

THE mountains loose their locks from misty brows,
And comb them by the lambent bars of gold
Escaping through successive slanted boughs.
Swarth tresses are breeze-wafted from the face
Of one unrivalled, with the wondrous eyes —
Those searching eyes deep in his granite face,
Those eyes unmelting yet 'mid sun and storm
Of centuries, or triumphing in peace,
Or steadfast above strife and tribal wars.

The cool recesses 'neath these clasping trees
Have sheltered many a redman. Shielding rocks
Have trembled to the feet of lordly beast,
Ere yet the mightier tread of slow-paced Time
Left imprint in the lessons of the ledge.
In sweet uncertainty we climb the steeps,
Our pathway unimpressed by frequent feet,
Tingeing the way with romance of a doubt
If we attain the half-illusive height.

Ne'er did the seer so yearn for promised land
As we for such a paradise withheld.
But soon the favouring breezes break apart
The long defile of living green, wherethrough
Shimmers the sunlit affluence of plains,
Rivers and fragmentary lakes and meads.
And every momentary heav'n succeeds
In making earth less arduous, as we seek
To gain its goal.

The music of a fount
Falls in resistless coolness o'er the way;
Our hope renewed by draught miraculous,
We wander on, each step one nearer heaven.
Doth it not picture clear the path of life
To world-worn pilgrims, and the blest reward?
Surely if aught on earth foreshadow heaven,
Behold it, while on every side,—the skies,
The vales, the dusky way we trod are new,
Re-glorified to our unbounded sight —
Our sight, so long expectant, satisfied!

WHERE THE KENNEBUNK MEETS THE SEA

PAST leagues of shining bay leaves,
And leagues of silv'ry firs,—
Here the white wave churns,
And the flashing terns
Are Neptune's messengers,
As they dip and soar
Off the windy shore,
Or speed toward the golden West.

Oh, here to rest,
On a knoll's soft breast,
Is Paradise for me!—
Just to dream above,
With one I love,
Where the Kennebunk meets the Sea!

August 15, 1906.

ADAGIO E PIANO

(*At Kennebunkport, Maine*)

THE lyrical soft measures of the river
Chime in our blood. As in a dream we heed
The far-heard breathing of the mighty sea.
Let others wrestle with a roaring surf,
Or wait the dictates of a rising wind
To follow aimlessly the changing tides.
For us, this mellow music sweetly tuned
To some harmonious and restful knoll,
Whereon the rustling balm-of-Gileads
And cool, susurring birches give repose.

What joy to leave, a space, the growing strife
For high ideals, the reaching after Good,
Content with Good we have ; to lay aside
This conflict upon conflict some call *Life !*
Betimes, who would not quit the hot endeavour
To list great Nature's lessons unto man ?
To mark the slow, the patient season's march,
The steady pulse of ocean calm and strong,
The muffled waves' advancing and retreat ?

There comes not to our soul the stress of toil,
Nor yet the tumult of the inner wars ;
But fellow with the rich unfolding Day,
Encalmed as 'twere by music of the spheres,
We feel the truth the Seer of Rydal knew.
Yea, borne by cradle songs of mother Earth,
Somewhere between the ocean and the river,
"Soft is the music that would charm for ever."

TO AVIS, WITH APPLE BLOSSOMS

WHERE the footlights dance in a blinding glimmer,
And scenic curtains sway;
Where the smile of the mock court-dame is dimmer
Than the moon's face by day;
But where your soul with its deep vibration
Stayeth the listless throng,
And wealth of praises and admiration
Waiteth the queen of song,
Are you happy, maiden Avis?

When after the opera you recline
Among your favourite birds,
And with languid grace you half divine
The prince's flattering words;
'Mid the flash of wit, the flaming opal
Of bubbling warm Lafite,
Do you remember the orchard vocal,
The June-grass waving sweet?
You were happy, maiden Avis.

A-swing on boughs of apple or cherry,
With bird-notes in your throat
Charming the birds to chime in the merry
Wonder of life afloat.
You may not recall the shy advances
Of him who drove the kine,
Who dares a question, will speaking glances
Deign him their ans'ring shine? —
Are you happy, maiden Avis?

One picture he treasures Time never changes,
Of peaceful, loitering cows,
And a faëry maiden whose clear song ranges
From smiling apple-boughs.
He would send you this appropriate sweetness
Plucked from a storied tree;
May you, for the storehouse of life's completeness
Hold but the sweet in fee.
The brave should be happy, Avis.

THE BOND

FULL wearily I urged my way
Through the gay thoroughfare and busy,
Where surged the crowd, serene or dizzy
With spring's delight,—the time was May.
Mid-Age with thoughtful mien, and form
Erect with pride, achievement, glory,
Fair Youth whose bearing told the story
Of bright ambitions brave and warm.

As on they passed, to me spoke one
As she my load of grief would borrow;
Such is the sacred bond of sorrow;
My spirit lightened and o'er-run
Its goal. One sympathetic heart
Had banished pain, despair and longing;
Into my soul glad hopes came thronging,
And courage for life's nobler part.

THE BED-TIME STORY
(P. F. P.)

WHEN little brother goes to bed,
His face is wondrous merry,
His eyes are like the violets,
His lips are like the cherry.

First, little brother brings his books,
His choice and well-thumbed treasures,
Then climbs into his mother's lap —
His greatest of all pleasures.

Sometimes she tells of Silverhair,
Puss-in-Boots, Cinderella;
One night he said, "They are too long,
I'm such a sleepy fella.

"But tell me 'bout a little boy,
An' not too good. You see,
I like to hear sometimes of boys —
Real boys, no gooder 'n me."

"I know a boy who climbed the spout,
Once on a time," said mother,
"And after hunting all about —
("That's me," chirped little brother,)

"I found him, with the cat, asleep
Upon the roof," said mother,
"Near my room window — precious heap!"
("That's me," beams little brother.)

THANKSGIVING

THERE was a time when I did ponder long
Upon the day men set apart for praise
And thankfulness. I said, by right belong
The flush and fragrance of the summer days,—
Their glad arraying and the joyful song
Of bird and brook, to thee, O Day, belong!

My soul looks through the silence and is dumb.
Can aught more eloquent? — these quiet fields
Bespeak the glory past and yet to come!
Her life, but not the germ of life, Earth yields.
Ye mortals, with Thanksgiving go and come,
But for Earth's gratitude all speech were dumb!

CONFESSIONS

WE women seek to live our brighter selves
Encircled in the sunlight of our days;
Not in excess of pleasure — fortune's elves,
Pursuing round on round our dazzling ways,
But keeping in the soul joy's steadfast rays,
Shining through swift intensities of power,
Yet waning if it best befit the hour.

For such intuitive chemics we are thought
Inconstant, coruscating, easily bought
From out the ample coinage of the heart;
True, we can smile at hate's inflicted dart,
Acquaint with sorrow, we can play at mirth,
Or artifice, if need be, to make earth
Less troublous to our fellow-travelers,—
(Let Grief be pardoned this gay masque of hers!)

But though eternal queenship we might gain,
Of kingdom richer than star-worlds above,
We could not pleasure in another's pain,
And when we love — *we love!*

CHRISTMAS

INTO our chill hearts gleam the light
and warmth about Him,
Our little Babe.
Oh, what would our poor lives avail
if we should doubt Him;
Better the manger with Christ than the
inn without Him,
Our King!

Glows in Mary's eyes the love of a
world of mothers,
Their little Babe,
Greatest Hope of the growing world of
men, my brothers;
Him we can truly serve all time by
serving others,
Our King!

Rest in our heart of hearts, O pure
incarnate wonder,
Our little Babe!
Be Thy coming sure to smite the cords
of sin asunder;
Thy heaven of love be over us, as God's
world is under,
Our King!

THE HERMIT THRUSH

COME, friend, let us go forth amid the fields!
Gently insists the hesitating rain,
But never to a sullen temper yields;
Only a settled grief, an hallowed pain
Imbues the day. A dirge for the lost sun
The cricket sings. And hark! there falls a strain
From yonder wood,— a fearless, fervent one,
The hermit thrush is thrilling hill and plain.

Ah, more than mortal these uplifting notes,
In swift *arpeggio* of faëry cheer,
Following each other as from diff'rent throats,
While but one throat pours forth the pæan clear.
Who says the Day is spiritless and sad?
She holdeth her own court of minstrelsy,
While Nature's burdened heart again is glad
And finds interpreter, sweet Bird, in thee!

THE MUSIC OF THE HERMIT THRUSH

HOW oft in leafy days the echoing wood
Wakes to the thrush's rapture! To thy mood
Responds he in meet music. Dost thou bear
The mourner's heart? around thee floats the air
That wraps the vanished presence; blest thy lot.
Art toiling in the furrows? then forgot
The fierce noontide, the burden and the fretting,
If haply thou be letting
Thy soul forth to the minstrel, scarce aware
That music's voice is vanquisher of care.

Art thou a lover, hoarding in thy heart
Love's treasure unattained and set apart?
Nearer, thy chief desire; an ardent tone
Pleads thine unspoken hope, ere voiceless, lone,
Reigns Night amid her vast and solemn fields.
Now sweet content unto oblivion yields.
Now thy late fevered spirit calm reposes.
To melody uncloses
The sad heart of the world. To youth or age,
Unlearned or sage, song's heavenly heritage.

Whose apt discernment named the Hermit Thrush?
Aloft he lives, atop the brier and brush;
And in pure ecstasy repeateth long
His message, poet of a single song,
Ay, of a line. But never isolate
From human need, nor yet beyond toil's gate,
While at thought's opening paradise he singeth!
Joy not of earth he bringeth,—
Kin melodist to that undying youth
Who proved that *Truth is beauty, beauty, truth.*

WITHHOLDEN

THE fairest boon the heart may crave,
Withheld, may yet become a shrine;
Life's largess is both just and brave,
Fond hopes with memory intertwine,
But oh, the kiss you never gave
Hath made my life divine!

How often doth my heart replace
Your last farewell,—my longing heart
Grown bolder at the signless space
That yawned to rend us two apart!
I see the Sun-god's ebbing race,
I mark the careless art

Of honeysuckle fondly twined
About the porch; its breath I feel.
Could no achievement of my mind,
With voice or pen, for human weal,—
Could no high service to mankind
My quiet days reveal?

What then could make me worthy this —
  Though once I blushed to crave the gift —
Sublime pure joyance of your kiss?
  Oh, the Dread Silence comes too swift,
The while, despairingly, I miss
  The lute-song for the rift!

O God, Thy child forgiven by Thee
  Would be! Be Thy work not amiss.
Fulfill that highest good, to be
  A solace for withholden bliss,
Till heav'n itself shall hold for me
  That earth-refused kiss.

REMEMBERING N. P. WILLIS' POEMS

LONG nights of winter, ye smile back to me,
Adown the vistas of the vanished years;
Still memory tender, beauteous, endears
A voice — 'twas music's benedicite,—
Faces that gleamed beneath the home roof-tree;
Again the circle at the hearth it cheers,
For that the Angel with the Book appears,
And both are tuned to golden poesy.

My mother's voice, to rapt unfolding minds,
Chanted thy melodies full oft at eves,
Poet, whose lofty musing doth enhance
The charm thou giv'st to simple circumstance;
While storied record, loved of Sacred Leaves,
In thee interpreter immortal finds.

"E'EN IN OUR ASHES LIVE THEIR WONTED FIRES"

THE old priest led me through the silent nave,
Past the high altar, near the warm-hued panes;
Pausing a moment at the sculptured shrine
Of martyred saint, he made obeisance due.
The while I heeded how the tempered sun
Mellowed the carven gloom of chorus-stalls,
And graced with hallowed bloom the frescoed walls
Picturing the blessèd Mary and our Lord.
Thereafter swung a door mysterious,

And straight I found me in the low-arched crypt.
The Padre lit a torch whose light revealed
In ghastly rows, strange shapes and grewsome skulls,
Gaunt arms and moldering frames. A shudd'ring fear
Knocked at my heart and would have entered there;
But from a concave of this charnel dread,
There stole a scent of violets and wild thyme,
And strains of music rose and fell anon,
Which bade me pause, expectant, wond'ringly.

"Good father," then I spake, "is it some harp
Makes melody this hour?" "Perchance," quoth he;
"Here lie the bones of many a poet-bard.
Know you that this most sacred edifice
Did flourish in the thirteenth century,
And all around were Lanquedoc and Provence!"
I, too, slow-wending to the outward air—
I marveled not those soft recurrent notes
Should rise from crumbling dust once tuned to Love.

A SONG TO CHARON

WEIRD are the pines and the tossing sea;
Songs of earth woo my heart no more;
Now, as the wide heavens call to me,
Quick, ere the charmèd time be o'er,
Place in my hand good Charon's fee!
Lighten the cloud-lipped stream of death,
Knight of the magic-waking oar,
Grant we may dip to that fair shore
Where oft my lost Love wandereth.

Charon, amid thy crew, I hear,
Silence hath ever been, and sleep;
But should my Love the shore draw near,
My soul, 'mid darkmost Styx, would leap!
So haste, friend Charon, have no fear
If I awake in the joy thereof,
Or ever I clasp with hungry cheer
The one I love at the moorage there,
Or ever together forth we fare
Unto the Land of Immortal Love!

TO MAUDE ADAMS AS "LADY BABBIE"

In "The Little Minister"

PROMPTINGS from Portia underlie
Thy tactful word and sage reply.
So varied are thy native powers
And well-adapted, thought of ours
Must seek in vain to name thy charms.
We strew thee histrionic palms.
Changeful in all but love art thou, blithe Maid,
Follow thy brightest star, for earth-lights fade.

December, 1899.

OUR HOME

(Written for the Reunion of Tilton Seminary, February 29, 1892, at Boston.)

PLEDGE us a cup of beaten gold
Flecked with a thousand jeweled gleams,
Filled from Castalian springs of old
By some god of elusive dreams!
Stay! give us but the nectar quaffed
From hearts of our New Hampshire trees,
Drawn by the virgin Spring — a draught
That we may sip, and sit at ease.

Spread us a cloth of Tyrian hue,
Set us a dais of carven pearl,
Urns of pomegranates place in view,
But wait! before our eyes unfurl
Folds of apple and cherry blooms,
And violets from New Hampshire hills.
We need no aid of sculptured glooms,
A native joy our bosom fills!

For we would sing the praise of Home
In Nature's fairest haunts enshrined;
Though children wide apart we roam,
Our home is first in heart and mind.
The home of science, there we learned
Lore of the stars, the earth, the seas;
The beauties of the arts discerned,
With music's voice expressing these;

The home of honour, faith and truth.
O firm high souls, who moulded well
The rough but plastic clay of youth,
You we salute! all you who dwell
Far-sundered,—teachers, scholars, friends!
And they who need nor sun nor chart,—
A blessèd memory commends
To each of these, some loving heart.

TO JOHN BANISTER TABB

WHAT wondrous alchemy is thine,
Bard of the wayside? Bird and flower,
Song and silence, shadow and shine
Mete thee time by the golden hour.
From the alembic of thy mind,
Wisdom and love uplift mankind.

Thine, not strife of a wingless soul
Foiled by some evil of the earth,
Jewel-worker, shaping the whole
Crown of death as the new life's birth.
Brother, true optimist in song,
Souls-to-be shall thy praise prolong!

ON AN IMMORTAL SONG

WE would salute each day
As one great gift from wisdom of our God;
Then bravely face our work or play
Humbly and proudly. This glad sod
Angels and gods aforetime trod;
Shall we ennoble life as they,
Or in vain dreaming pass the hours away?

Vast are the issues of the common day,
And fraught with deathless music are the tones,
Perchance, to which this old world moves along!
Oh, the whole world a nobler gladness owns
For that our Newman writ his glorious song,
Becalmed amid the Bonifacian strait,
One immemorial week: what there befell,
When Inspiration thus defeated Fate,
'T would best befit th' angelic choir to tell!

Led by the Voice as by the Vision led,
To thine appeal, O Song, upon the pulsate air,
We have entrusted precious moments of our dead,
Ere yet the grave inclosed what seemed so fair!
Only the presence of our Loved to share
When " with the morn those angel faces smile."

Thine is the clear voice speaking through the night;
And when, one day, released from care and guile,
On us shall dawn the one supreme delight,
May we, earth-freed,
From buoyant thankfulness, and our late need,
Still breathe this hallowed prayer: " 'Lead, kindly
Light!'
For ever lead!"

TRANSLATIONS

AFTER PETRARCH

From the French of José-Maria de Heredia

1842 - 1905

LEAVING the church, my beauteous dreams unfold:
Your noble hands as almoner appear,
And in the shaded porch your eyes beam clear
Upon the poor like heaven's uncounted gold.

I could not but salute you, yet not bold
My glance, which humbly bade you not to fear;
Ah me, you drew your mantle with less cheer,
And left me to the rayless world and cold!

But Love who governs the most rebel heart
Would not allow sweet mercy to depart,
Or that the source of pity cease to be;

You dropt the veil so slowly to my view,
Your eyelashes' dear trembling I did see
Like foliage dark where star-rays filter through.

THE FLUTE

From the French of José-Maria de Heredia

'TIS eve. A flight of pigeons fans the sky;
But naught to cool the fire of love is found
So potent, as upon the lip the sound
Of pipe attuned to rills that ripple by.

Outstretched beneath the plane-tree as we lie,
Soft is the grass. The goat may roam around,
Deaf to the bleating kid, with many a bound
May climb the steeps and clip the shrubs on high.

Belov'd, seven hemlock stalks compose my flute,
Of different lengths, wax-joined, 'tis made to suit
My every mood, to laugh, or weep, or sing.

Come! I will teach thee what Silenus saith,
And all thy sighs of love, fast vanishing,
Shall lose themselves amid harmonious breath!

THE SIESTA

From the French of José-Maria de Heredia

THERE is no sound of cricket or marauding bee,
All life, by heat oppressed, sleeps in the solitude,
Where, through the rifted leaves, shimmers a light subdued
Down to the em'rald velvet moss that cradles me.

Splendid Mid-Day doth pierce the darksome canopy,
While, o'er my half-shut eyes with budding sleep imbued,
Of myriad furtive gleams he forms a net rose-hued,
And throws its tempting shade athwart a grassy sea.

Hush! toward the flaming gauze of blended rays
Float the frail butterflies, like radiant fays,
Drunken with subtle saps and dazzling beams.

And now my trembling fingers seize each thread,
For, in the wondrous web imprisoned,
Hunting for harmonies, I find my dreams.

THE CONCH

From the French of José-Maria de Heredia

HOW many winters, through what oceans cold, —
Ah, who may know, thou frail and pearly shell! —
Have surge and tide in their recurring swell
Rolled thee amid their caverns green and old?

Today, beneath the sky, on sands of gold,
Would'st make sweet rest-place, far from wave to dwell?
Vain is thy hope. A long despairing knell —
Ever the Sea's deep voice — thy form shall hold.

My soul is grown to a sonorous prison;
And as within thy coils have mournful risen
The plaintive echoes of the olden woe,

So in this inmost heart o'erful of Her,
Dull storm, insensible, grief's remembrancer,
Present and yet remote, I dimly know.

ON THE *LIVRE DES AMOURS* OF PIERRE DE RONSARD

From the French of José-Maria de Heredia

THE gardens of Bourgueil they are Love's own,
More than one lover's name adorns their trees.
In high-arched Louvre more than one heart at ease
The thrilling tumult of a smile hath known.

What matters it — their joy, their grief? alone
'Neath four oak boards they lie. None disagrees
With their last claim, under the verdant leas,
To deep oblivion of sepulchral stone.

Marie, Helène, Cassandra proud, — all dead!
Your beauteous frames in senseless dust had fled,—
Morrows come not to lily or the rose —

Had Ronsard, golden Loire or Seine above,
Not wreathed you garlands e'en the present knows,—
Laurel of Fame with myrtle crown of Love!

A JAPANESE BOUQUET

(Arranged in a Vase of English Verse from Various Prose Versions.)

ALL our dreams are blown adrift as flowers
before a fan,
All our hearts are haunted in the heart
of old Japan.

—Alfred Noyes.

THE flower must fade though it have
sweetest scent;
Naught in this world is sure or
permanent;
The lofty mountains which of late
I crossed,
Shadows are they, to all but memory
lost.
Vanished my joy and pain,
The dreams alone remain.

— *Kobodaishi* (*Ninth Century.*)

WHOSE song doth awake from the silvery brake?
Ask the lorn nightingale who doth mistake
The sweet blown snowflakes for the bursting plum.
O have no fear, impatient Dear,
Sing on, the laggard Spring will surely come!

— *Sosei* (*Ninth Century.*)

WHAT is called poetry arises from the heart;
Man gives to words the feelings of himself a part.
Feelings diverse, or manifold,
Doth poetry unfold.

— *Tsurayuki.*

AS the Samurai among men are kings,
So the cherry is chief of flowering things.
On the banks at Mukojima
How brave its blossomings!

BY the shimmer of pale moonlight,
How may I come
To the flowers o' the plum?
Their fragrance will guide me aright.

O SWEET, the pillow of my hand is wet,
And yet
It is not autumn weather;
How many a tear for a dream so dear,
Instead of us together!

WHOSE voice so blithely rings?
Is it the moon that sings?
'Tis you,
Cuckoo!

EACH dream of night a heavenly courier seems,
Since that one night thou cam'st to me in dreams.
No more in tears I watch the daybeam shine,
Knowing that in the world of sleep thou'rt mine.
— *Komachi* (*Ninth Century.*)

TRUE, I am old, but not ungraciously
Would pine against Time's unrelenting power;
Had Time not borne me on unceasingly,
I had not reached the dawn of this glad hour.
— *Toshiyuki.*

FROM heights of my palace gazing,
My people's welfare appraising,
I watch the tribute soft clouds are raising.
It is the daily incense which heav'nward doth aspire:
Lo! everywhere the kettle is steaming on the fire.
— *The Mikado, Nintoku Tenno* (*Third Century.*)

OPPOSITION

THE crystal stream whose path is clear
Flows gently onward toward the weir;
And yet if aught its path impede,
How soon it gathers might and speed!

So with the people's own good will,
At normal times in calm possessed,
'Twill with a torrent's fury fill,
When needlessly repressed.
— *H. I. M., the Empress Haruko.*

Greenery and Spice

AUTUMN sky is like a woman's heart, if
guessed aright,
For both are known to change at least
seven times in a night.

TO A COQUETTE

WHILE tender mists caress the lightsome air,
Were I some fair flower of the youngling Spring,
Becoming then so sweetly-wished a thing,
Would'st thou not gather me, O cruel Fair?

— *Okikaze*

THERE is no joy in life can be compared
with *Sleep*,
And only fools are swift to wake, and work,
and weep.

FAITH

From the Italian

DEAR little child with longing eyes
So wistful and so wide
Why do you gaze adown the street
So far away?
"Good sir, my mother went that way;
Two years ago she died;
And still I wait for her to come,
This many a day."

Dear little child, I tell you true,
So sad, so sweet a thing,—
That those who go to heav'n, on earth
We no more see.
"O sir, it cannot be! again
The flowers bloom in the spring,
The birds return, and *she* I love
Will come to me!"

THE LOVING HEART

From the Italian of Matteo Maria Boiardo
1434 - 1494

IF one could rob the bird of song and wings,
Or steal the tinted vesture of the flower,
Deprive the grass of its most glorious dower,
Stay Nature's voice that wakes the punctual springs;
If one could strip the horns the stag out-flings
So proudly, keep from aught the sun's warm shower,
Then might he from the true heart take love's power,—
The sweet new love, its hope and cherishings.

For hopeless were the heart from love away;
It were an arbour without boughs or leaves,
Brook without water, fountain without spray.
Loving, no more the soul in sadness grieves,
But from all good that Nature holds to-day,
The loving heart doth gather in full sheaves.

LOVE'S EXULTATION

From the Italian of Matteo Maria Boiardo

HE who from Love hath farthest turned away,
Who hath refused the sweetest call of Fate,
Ah, might he know the rapture of my state,
He would return to own Love's potent sway!
He who hath all for which he most doth pray,—
Power, wisdom, beauty, with the heart elate,
Though all the broad earth's blessings on him wait,
Love were the crown of fortune and not they.

'Tis Love reflected in each thought and dream
Fills me with happiness and pure desire;
I stand aloof from men, all woe above;
So not the wealth of India I esteem,
Nor yet the Scythian monarch's vast empire,—
These cannot equal one delight of Love!

RAPHAEL'S PORTRAIT OF HIMSELF

From the Italian of Giovanni Batista Felice Zappi
1667 - 1719

THIS is the glorious Raphael. Behold
The light of genius flood his saintly face,
Before whose eye the scenes of heav'n unrolled,
Whose hand the wondrous universe did trace!
One day a fancy seized him, waxing bold
Till all the gleaming canvas grew apace
With his own likeness; earth should henceforth hold
And link with deathless fame a deathless face!

The work lay done. Came Death with bow of doom;
"Which is the *real?*" he cried, "for lo, I smite!"
Then straightway spake a voice amid the gloom:
"Take thou this feeble flesh; but not thy might,
O Death, can rob yon canvas of its bloom,
Nor canst thou stay the soul's availing flight!"

(End of the Translations.)

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

February 27, 1807 - March 24, 1882

"Peace! Peace! Orestes-like I breathe this prayer!"

OH, silver clear amid the busy throng,
The avenues of years, is heard thy song —
A heavenly ministry to earth-worn souls!
Still thou shalt sing till Time doth fail to be,
Since love and youth know not mortality.
Ay, ever while life's fitful ocean rolls,
A restful hush, a whisper — "Peace be still" —
Will calm its troubled waters at thy will
Which gave the inspiration of thy life
To lift humanity. Psalmist, and Psalm,
Thy life bespeaks achievement won through calm,
Thy theme forearms us in the glorious strife.

February 27, 1907.

THE PRIMROSE WAY

BERRIES winsome, warm and shining,
Flaunt in scarlet vesture bold,
While the same fair stalk is twining
Purple flowers with heart of gold.
Child and maid they bloom together,
"Bittersweet!" the children say,
Frowningly, in fairest weather,
"Let us take the primrose way."

Know they dimly if aught lure them
E'er to quaff the stinging wine,
Aftertime may not insure them
Play amid the long sunshine.
Hearts are children. There's a maiden
Beckons, we would fain obey;
Nay, my heart, expectance-laden,
Let us take the primrose way!

"Thou dost find me — thine Ideal,
Thine forsooth both fruit and flower!"
Ah, fond youth, she mocks thee, real
Pleasure hath not told the hour.
Bring unto thy verse, thy painting,
Fire Promethean, — but to stay
Oft the fever, dearth and fainting,
Let us take the primrose way!

L'ENVOI

Still beyond, O Youth, believe me
She thou lov'st pursues the day;
'Tis the nightshade would deceive thee,
Let us take the primrose way!

VERLORENE LIEBE

O JOY to wander free,
Ere fades the moon of morning,
O'er the still dreaming lea
Where Time gives no harsh warning.
Even the ponderous clock-tower
Rings with a faëry-throated hour,
"All life is glad to be!"

I only know that life is fair,
The flushed clouds hint of daytime,
A soft caress is in the air,
A buoyancy of Maytime.
I know my loved one must be waking,
Such melody the morn is making,—
Earth-Angel, tell me where?

PRO PATRIA

MOTHERS, rejoice, who clasp your sons to-night,
The demon War is under endless ban;
Still flies our flag for liberty and right,
But man no more shall slay his brother man.
From natural cause, in ages now begun,
Our lesser grief — our "Absalom, my son!"

Few lived in Needham in those early years,
Yet great their courage to repel the foe;
Their hearts too generous to harbour fears,
These valiant sons were Needham's pride, we know;
And dear to each th' unfolding joys of life,
Blest by the ties of children, home and wife.

Perchance, as on they rode that April morn,
With loved ones' tears yet warm upon each head,
Their brave hearts yearned for dear ones left forlorn,
"But there be other homes to guard," they said.
Immortal Five! one day at Lexington,
One glorious day saw each his life-work done!

O Freedom, we would not forget thy cost!
For thee, from old, what precious blood was shed!
Upon thy roll-call not one name is lost,
And they are living whom the stone counts dead.
Oh, sweet to us the peace they dearly won —
Needham's heroic sons at Lexington!

THE EVERLASTING ARMS

The eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms. — MOSES.

WHEN skies are dark and angry storms assail us,
When hushed the soul and faint with fear's alarms,
What joy to feel, though earthly comforts fail us,
Beneath us are the Everlasting Arms!

O powerful Arms to strengthen and uphold us,
When the world-weary flesh can bear no more!
O perfect Love like armour to enfold us,
When the soul's enemy hath striven sore!

Thine outstretched hand can yield the surging billow
The calm clear radiance of the heavenly way.
Sorrow and pain may press the aching pillow,
Thine arms, O God, are mightier than they.

E'en Death, who brings to naught earth's proudest legions,
Shall not prevail amid the hosts above;
The soul shall dwell afar in fadeless regions,
Yea, in the Everlasting Arms of Love!

SONG-SPARROWS HEARD IN INDIAN SUMMER

ASTIR in dusky elm-trees,
Some brown and silver sparrows,
An hour at morn, pour songs new-born
With gay and rippling ease.

Bright, sudden thoughts are they which flit
Between them, as exchange of wit,
To the faint heart seeming to say:
"Cheer, cheer — have a cheerful way!"
"Sweet, sweet — live, live while you may!"
And echoes them the breeze
Through rows of friendly trees:
"Sweet, sweet — live, live while you may!"

When comes the bleak weather,
Hand, mind, work together,
But now is the time for roaming!
Oh, the wind hath a heartsome way,
And blithe is the song-sparrows' lay,
As back they fly in the gloaming:
"Cheer, cheer — have a cheerful way!"
"Sweet, sweet — live, live while you may!"

MAY SONG

O PASSING fair the breeze o' morn
That kissed the clover hay,
The lav'rock sang his sweetest song,
And bonnie was the May.
I saw you pluck the heather-bell
As I came doon the lea,
An' I — I looked at you, Jeanie,
An' O you looked at me!

O sweet and shy your artless face,
A smile lit up your e'e,
The sunbeams showed your trembling grace,
My heart was gone frae me!
And now above the hawthorn buds
I ken what heav'n must be,
For I — I looked at you, Jeanie,
An' O you looked at me!

You come nae more, my only love,
  The fields are bright wi' May,
But I below and you above,
  And you in heav'n for aye.
The lav'rock sings, but not as once
  He madly sang for glee,
And I — I look for you, Jeanie,
  O do you look for me?

A ROSE-LEAF

DUST is Abdul Radir Ghilan. Unto his soul be peace,
Of whom 'twas writ, age upon age shall know his fame's increase.

Nor is it strange, rehearsing not the wonders he hath done,
That history best loves to name this unmiraculous one:
This founder of the Kalandi, Mohammed's faithful son,
Once went to dwell a season in lordly Babylon.
Hearing of his approach, the Santones, a haughty band,
Him deigned to meet at the gates, one bearing in his hand
A dish brimful with water, that the wise man might divine, —
"Our zeal and wisdom crowd these gates, what room have we for thine?"

But Abdul, stately and grave, facing their
sordid gaze,
Lifted his hands toward heaven, then to their
growing amaze,
Bowed low and plucked a rose-leaf, which on
the brim he laid;
(The dish could bear the rose-leaf, but aught
heavier forbade.)

Thou who art crowned with knowledge, to thee
may the rose-leaf plead;
Place on thy flood of precept the timely,
generous deed.
What boots it if thy scrip o'erflow with
sermon and with creed?
Seekst thou to stanch with eloquence the
aching wounds that bleed?
Nay! silently and wondrously some healing
leaf impart,
Then will th' example of thy faith and love
rejoice the heart.
Haply no Babylon will rise, recording thee
"the Wise,"
But thine what depth of heart-content unseen
of mortal eyes!

Dust is Abdul Radir Ghilan. Peace to his
soul for aye.
This is the stronghold of his fame, the years
have passed away!

TO GEORGE SAND

(After Reading "La Mare au Diable" and "Valentine.")

"The sentiment of the ideal life, which is none other than man's normal life as we shall one day know it."

GREAT Heart, consoled of nature and of beauty,
Led by the simple life which is the true one
Into that large sincerity of being!
Seeing in human joy the great unfolder,
In faith the great revealer and uplifter.
The peasant with his work thou didst ennoble,
Viewing him as "the priest in that vast temple
The sky alone is vast enough to cover."
The hardy ploughman, — 'tis not Death beside him,
But Life's bright angel sows the waiting furrow.
Perceptions of sweet poetry are with him,
The elements of peace and trust inform him;
And he shall grow in grace and patient knowledge,
Ev'n as the world grows, patient, slow, abiding.

Thine amplitude of thought, O gracious lady,
Includest dear delights of rural scenery
In memory oft and mention: snowdrop, primrose,
Iris and columbine, lanes deep and winding,
Bordered with traveler's-joy and mint and cresses,
Young green of meadows, clust'ring ash and alder,
The tender plaint of brooks, the startled blackbirds,
The solemn dog — "the sentry of the farmhouse,"
The great white ox — "inevitable dean of pastures,"
All live amid thy pages' witchery.
The maple avenues, the stately chestnuts,
The hillsides flanked with heath and broom and holly,
The Vallée-Noire, the faëry ribbon, Indre,
Some olden province, Bourbonnais or Berry,
Some ancient town, La Châtre, perchance, or Boussac,
Rejoiced in thee, fair chronicler, whose insight
Flashed forth the story of some heart's attainment
Through all the pathos of renewing nature!

The beauty of thy thought is ever with us :
" The sentiment of the ideal life,
Which is none other than man's normal life
As we shall one day know it." Heaven grant !
We who would find the good, the true, the beauteous,
The Life Ideal, George Sand, we give thee homage !

IN THE LIBRARY

A Reminiscence

THE books of each old love-poet
Are warm from the touch of your hand;
Your voice — the Psyche would know it,
Would feel it and understand
And thrill in her marble splendour,
The harp sweet answer would render,
Yea, its strings re-echo yet
That sweetest of names, Fleurette,
Fleurette.

In your presence grief and aching
Yielded to one pure peace;
In my young heart heav'n awaking
Bade life's vain doubting cease;
Love made me a sheltered bower;
Is it strange I grew, a flower?
Ah, the glamour lingers yet,
You say, "Fleurette des fleurettes,
"Fleurette!"

Within this nook where you studied,
Favoured of wildwood flowers,
The roses of Hellas budded,
Bloomed the Homeric bowers;
But clearer far than rhythmic Greek
The name wherewith your heart did speak, —
In death I shall not forget,
In dream or waking, "Fleurette,
"Fleurette."

Brave deeds of historic glory
Inspired our souls with song;
The hills told their ancient story;
Stars held us late and long;
Eloquent night succeeding day
Till from earth you had passed away.
With roses blent heav'n's violet,
Day fled; you murmured, "Look, Fleurette,
"Fleurette!"

O Land of the poet's vision,
What beauty you bespeak!
What hold you in fields Elysian
Fairer than dream of Greek?
Through the long vista of the years
Only one voice my fancy hears;
Mine, when life's last sun is set,
To hear and follow, "Fleurette,
"Fleurette."

SIMILITUDE

O POWER of Love,
Inform the heart to know
What thing is likest thee, in earth below
Or heaven above!

Compare not our love to th' embracing snow,
For if the springtide passion glow
With too intense a gleam,
It must depart — a dream within a dream.

Compare not our love to the mantling grass,
Lest with consuming frost it pass,
And beauty bear a pall.
Alas, should fell mortality sway all!

Would'st liken love to that immensity —
Vast, throbbing bosom of the sea,
Which thou canst trust? Not so!
In storm how treacherous, how full of woe!

What then is likest love?
Behold, the stars above! —
Serene they shine, whom no
earth-vapour mars!
Our love, be like the stars!

"COME IN THE SPEAKING SILENCE OF A DREAM!"

NOW softly fall the clouds upon the hill;
The redwing's rippling cadence is more brief;
A pensive hush the waiting air doth fill,
And silence falls about the flower and leaf.
Loved One, if you were here!

The birds of morning miss your blithesome tone,
The wayside roses miss your lightsome touch,
The columbine doth wear her grace alone,
The sibilant, hid springs moan overmuch.
Loved One, if you were here;

Would I not fold you fondly to my heart?
So oft in dream keep tryst these lives of ours!
My life would bloom again, and temperate Art
Change into noble toil these fruitless hours,
Loved One, if you were here!

For you are true of all the dreams I dream;—
The perfect melody that ever thrills
To quiet life's wild struggle; or a gleam
Beyond the shambles, as of restful hills.
Loved One, I feel you here!

SHIP-BUILDING ON THE KENNEBEC

THE River sleeps — adream of conscious might,
Prescient but powerless in his icy mail,
Stilled by the weird, incantatory gale;
But lo! the over-gloom unfolds in light,
As, pausing in a bleak ship-yard to rest,
I gaze aloft upon a stirring form,
Firm on the stocks, ere long to brave the storm, —
The building hammers ply her rugged breast.

Here mingle prophecy and eloquence!
Akin to God's is thus man's labour wrought,
Each stroke a message of inspiring thought,
Heart-throbs of revelation, swift, intense,
Of perils mastered, grandeur, gains far-brought,
Gifts to a waiting land, the glad word thence.

HIGH TIDE

THE tide is up! The waiting soil
Drinks madly of the cooling flood;
Light-hearted landsmen at their toil
Feel the sea-wine renew their blood.
This is the breeze that from far seas
Brings home the sailor to his bride.
The bounding waves in jocund ease
Half up the hoary headland stride;
With dulcet rills the breaker fills
The crannies of the foaming rock.
O heartsome tide, life's nameless ills
'Tis well thou canst disown and mock!

The tide is up! Drink deep, my heart,
For now doth bloom thy perfect bliss!
Where reigns, in nature or in art,
The hour that e'er shall rival this?
The tide that flows, the wind that blows, —
Twin-born are they of hope and love.
Say not that dark yon azure grows,
That storms destroy the joy thereof.
O LOVE that lies 'neath love-bright eyes,
Come thou to glorify my ways,
And deathless beauty shall surprise
The desert places in my days!

IN THE WALTZ

(A Sportsman Muses)

FAIREST of moments, but too few
When I may hold thee to this heart—
This heart so true.
Ah, sweetheart, by what cruel art
Thou swearest never to be mine,
And yet my arms may round thee twine
In the sweet thralldom of the waltz!
Such be the gravest of thy faults—
Such contradiction. Did I say
'Tis cruel art? Not so, dear one.

The season when the great-heart sun
Doth haste behind the mountains gray,
The season when begin to play
The violins in rich accord,
I cross the length of dewy sward,
A tired golfer, thus to leave
The sunset and the smile of eve,
To pause before the beck'ning door
And list the fire-logs' mellow roar.

I seat me at the sumptuous board,
But sooth, the hunger that I hoard
Still heaps about my eager heart.
I seek my baccalaurean room,
Where soon, from palpitating gloom,
Decked in the panoply of art,
Descend I to the charmèd dance —
A knight of tristful countenance.

Amid the answering horn and flute,
A siren enters. I am mute.
The sunset hues vie in her dress
Beneath a sheen of airy lace,
Whence she doth lift a flowersome face
To summon me from loneliness.

Oh, glad my fate! I thought to leave
The sunset and the smile of Eve,
Yet both are here. The violin
Doth rise and fall, to lose or win.
So be it, maid of witching glances,
To hold thee in a mad caress
Amid Moszkowski's "Spanish Dances,"
A dozen moments, more or less,
To feel thy fervent heart confessed,
In bird-like flutter near my breast,
Until it end — the poem, Motion,
As ebbs the rhythmic tide of ocean.

O radiant daughter of the dance,
To-morrow thou'lt forget, not I!
If love blest Music might enhance,
E'en when her breathèd raptures die,
Could Music, blithest pain, endure,
Two hearts, the fondest 'neath the sun
(One heart is sure)
Might through the long years beat as one!

Mount Pleasant House, N. H.,
October, 1897.

A BLUEBIRD IN BELMONT

WOODS of Belmont, long adrowse,
Rouse you, harb'ring things of sleep!
I will tell you what befell you,
Though so well you know:
Long I waited, dreams had freighted —
Only dreams — the restless boughs,
And that gladness wont to leap
In the brook was silence deep.
Then spake I a-low
To the spirit of the forest:
"I can find nor joy nor rest,
If the Goddess of the Spring
Still delay me. Pray thee, bring
But a message or a token
That her pledge is yet unbroken
To the weary world and me."

Then this kindly, queenly dryad,
Eyes clear-shining as a Pleiad,
Thus declared to me:
"What! so ill hath Winter fed thee?
Mortal, come this way to-morrow,
Come, and Nature's hope bestead thee,
What she hath be quick to borrow."

Lone she left me on this hill;
But I came another morn
With a sweet expectant thrill —
Ne'er had felt I such another
Since the morn that I was born,
Or had Conscience for my mother.

Now from treetops lost in green,
Beams a flash of light that sings —
Heaven's ether on its wings,
Blithest vision ever seen,
The survivor and reviver
Of a race of daring Springs!
Then a presence speaks me fair,
It is she of floating hair;
Almost proud her modest mien,
Me she welcomes: "Soul, 'tis here,
Tuneful spirit of the Spring! —
After thy long following,
Know at last the bluebird's cheer!"

"Hark to the pæan,
Wake and abound!
Woe is lethean,
Bliss, empyrean;
Flower-faces brighten,
Melodies heighten,
All, all around.
Ye who like dying,
Frowning and sighing,
Stay underground!
Ye who love living,
Song and joy-giving,
Wake and abound!"

ROBERT BEVERLY HALE
1869-1895

YOUTH to Immortal Youth! So hath he fled,
In life's unclouded morning borne away.
Scarcely a space had we of Death to pray:
Bereave us not. Flowers he hath garlanded
Where we saw dreariness; and he hath led
The clear-voiced bards who glad the waking day.
O Death, stay thy dread hand till evening gray!
Not even noon hath languished that firm tread.

Entreat thee, Death, canst spare not such as he?
The joy of life is his, the budding bays!
The lofty cheer, the high-souled charity,
Unconsciously inform his daily ways.
Then almost lovingly Death said to me,
"Like him, fill thou the measure of thy days."

TO A MARÉCHAL NIEL ROSE

ELUSIVE fragrance! Who did once aspire
To find for thee a name?
Thou feedest fancy with unfailing fire —
Pervasive flame.

Thy constant glow doth warm the soul to life,
Long lain in winter's chain;
Canst thou interpret love — the hidden strife,
Delicious pain?

To some rare triumph wouldst thou marshal us —
Some deed of glory done,
Outlasting death in legend marvelous,
Thou dauntless one?

We know not. But like him whose name thou hast,
Thou canst not brook defeat:
In our heart's Solferino win at last
Victory complete!

MINE

MINE, all mine, the wondrous, exquisite longing,
Mine the wild wild hopes that perforce come thronging
Into my heart and brain whenever I think of you!
Attendant on your coming and your going,
Life's full uplifting harmonies are flowing;
O Heaven, yet spare to my steadfast heart a dream so true!

E'en if I never hear you say you love me,
Here is reflected heaven, around, above me,
Wherein I dwell, beyond love's dearth, its mad endeavor.
So would I sometimes know your tender nearness,
Would feel your sweet collectedness, your dearness,
Your heart, which must abide, my world, my home for ever!

ON HEARING "THE ERL KING" PLAYED BY PADEREWSKI

(Goethe's Words, Schubert's Music, Transcribed by Liszt)

FAST ride the father and his child,
Fast fall the darkness and the rain.
Why is the child so wan and wild?
Fast in the shadow at his side
Rolls a muffled, menacing tide—
It is the Erl King and his train.

Hush! now borne on the dying breeze,
Straight to the dreaming heart and pure,
Naiad music from billowy seas,
Charmèd knell of a golden bell
Calm-subduing the tempest-hell—
'T is the soul-music must endure.

Chosen one, fear not, but have joy!
All must the Erl King's will obey;
We, to-night, are thy kin, sweet boy,
Heirs of the oft discordant world,
Little recking the bliss unfurled
Under Song's deep and sovran sway.

We too shall know an infinite joy,
Faith, our consoler, ever nigh,
We too in shielding arms, blest boy,
Why should we fear the Erl King, Death?
Ah, be ours so divine a breath
When in the arms of Love we die!

EX ANIMO MEO

FRIENDS, I may not be sure
One violet, peerless, pure,
Will glad the dreary place
Wherein my dust shall sleep:

But if some heart may keep
One thought's surviving grace
This living hand did trace,
Which made abiding cheer
Of beauty near and here,
Soft I shall smile on that returnless main,
Knowing my days ashore were not in vain.

NOTES

More than half these poems have appeared in periodicals to whose editors I am sincerely grateful for permission to reprint.

Japanese words:

MUGEN — In dream and reality.

Kakemono — (both singular and plural)
A hanging ornament, usually a picture, a scroll containing poetic sentiments, or a branch of blossoms.

Midarezaki — Spontaneous bloom — a word instinct with the life and joy of spring.

The five sonnets by José-Maria de Heredia, of the French Academy, are translated from "Les Trophées" and included by arrangement with the publisher, Alphonse Lemerre, Paris.

The originals of the two sonnets by Matteo Maria Boiardo are from "Sonétti e Canzoni," first published at Reggio, 1499.

Page 61: The brilliant bittersweet, or woody nightshade (solanum dulcamara), enlivens the roadsides of Cape Ann. It has the anomaly of purple flower and red berry co-existent. Its harmless meadow neighbor, yellow and fragrant, is called the "primrose."

Page 64: Seven men of Needham, Massachusetts, fell at the battle of Lexington, but "through Divine Goodness two survived, albeit severely wounded."

A granite monolith in the churchyard, erected 1851 by the ladies of Needham, bears this inscription:

In Memory of
JOHN BACON ELISHA MILLS
AMOS MILLS JONATHAN PARKER
M. CHAMBERLAIN
Who Fell at Lexington April 19, 1775.
For Liberty They Died

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